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THE

Character of William Penn

VINDICATED.

THE

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PENN

VINDICATED,

IN

AN ADDRESS,

BY

HON. BENJAMIN PATTON,

BEFORE

THE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE,

AT

GREENSBURGH, PA.

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Greensburgh, May 3, 1849.

Hon. Benj. Patton,

Sir:—In behalf of the Trustees and Students of the Greensburgh Classical Institute, and of the citizens generally, we earnestly solicit for publication, a copy of the very able and eloquent Address, delivered by you, on the evening of the 2nd inst. in vindication of the character of the illustrious founder of our state.

W. P. RUTHRAUFF,
A. H. WATERS,
JOHN RUGAN,
JOHN WINHERS,
J. M. BURRELL,
JOHN ARMSTRONG,
H. D. FOSTER.

Pittsburgh, May 7, 1849.

Gentlemen:—It would have afforded me more pleasure to comply with your kind request, had time and a more extended access to sources of historical information enabled me to prepare an address more worthy of your attention. As it is, my consolation is that the publication of the remarks may do some little good in the inculcation of sentiments with which every Pennsylvanian ought to cherish the memory of the great Founder of our Commonwealth.

With the warmest regards,

I am, yours, &c.

BENJ. PATTON.

To W. P. Ruthrauff, and others.

ADDRESS.

Since I received the invitation, with which I have been honored, to be present on this occasion, nearly every hour of my time has been devoted to the discharge of public duties. Therefore I cannot say I have come to deliver an address. All the effort I shall be able to make, will scarcely be entitled to that dignity. To make some remarks, hastily thrown together, is all that I can propose, and all I can do, towards complying with the urgent solicitations that have reached me from different quarters, and that have brought me here from the midst of pressing engagements. But I can at least testify my gratitude for the kindness that prompted the invitation, my sincere respect for the people of this town and county, and my best wishes for the success of an Institution, which, the more it prospers, the more will it be a blessing and an honor to the community in which it thrives, and to the highly respectable sect of Christians under whose auspices it has been founded.

The remarks I intend to make will relate to a subject that must have arrested the attention of every citizen of this state who has read Macaulay's History of England. The author of that great work stands among the foremost men of the age. His fame as a writer, a critic, a scholar, and a statesman, had taught the reading world to look to him for some great literary achievment. Their expectation has been realized. He who, as a critic, had been lecturing all other modern authors, and telling them and their readers what a history should be, has furnished a striking practical illustration in a work on the subject from his

own pen. No sculptor ever delineated in marble the features of the living model more vividly than he has painted the characters of men, and the features of social, religious and political society. This eminent author, who perhaps overtowers all other men of the age in the republic of letters, has been the architect of his own fame. The force of his own genius, and the energy of his own will, have lifted him up to the loftiest height of intellectual power.

A word of compliment from such a source bestowed on any historical character, is enough to raise that character high in the world's thought. A word of condemnation from the same source, must fall upon its object with a fearful weight.

But even the greatest men are but fallible beings. The lion of literature, in the exuberance of his strength, may inflict great injustice on the subjects of his pen, as the lion of the forest, by indulging in a playful or sardonic mood, inflicts the tortures of death on the feeble prey within his grasp. The historian may dwell too much on the faults and foibles of his characters, and too little on the bright side of the picture. He may stop to paint the scene at a point where all is sad and gloomy, and never go back or forward to catch the glorious sunshine of the landscape. It has often been remarked, in the circles of the legal profession, that those who have filled the office of public prosecutor for a great length of time, are slow to perceive the merits of a defence. The man who has all his life followed the profession of a literary surgeon, has an eye chiefly for the seats of disease and malformation in his subjects. Their healthful parts and natural proportions do not engage his attention. The trade of a critic, like that of a butcher, has a tendency to blunt the finer sensibilities of his nature. Certain it is he would rather deal in a sarcasm than a compliment.

The author has laid irreverent hands on the character of the illustrious founder of our Commonwealth. He has justly remarked that it required no ordinary degree of courage to do so,

considering the profound veneration in which that character has been held, both in Europe and in America—both by the civilized man and the savage—by the free and the bondman. So may it be said that it requires no ordinary share of presumption to call in question the judgments of this august chancellor, who wields a sort of supreme jurisdiction in the realm of literature. Such an attempt may be the more hazardous, since, in this remote part of the world, we have no access to many of the sources from which he may have derived his information. Anything, therefore, beyond a mere general defence, becomes, in our locality, impracticable. The question, in all its details, is, no doubt, undergoing, at this moment, a thorough investigation in England. Both sides will therefore be heard; and the result, we trust, will be a triumphant vindication of the memory of William Penn from every serious imputation.

The people of this state have, more than any other people on the face of the earth, a deep interest in the fame of their great lawgiver. They are the chosen inheritors of the fruits of a life devoted to the cause of philanthropy. He it was who first stamped on our system the guaranties that, to this day, yield security and enjoyment to life, liberty and property. While the cardinal maxims of government, of personal integrity, of social virtue, of public justice, of political wisdom, and of religious charity, that occupied his labors, and were displayed in his practice, while living, have been, in some measure, lost on the world at large, they have been handed down to us by a peculiar and valid will of the testator. They form the basis of our institutions. Their essence pervades the charter of our liberties. They are incorporated in our laws. They enter into our code of morals. They are felt in our social relations. They govern, or ought to govern, our individual conduct.

Have not the people of this commonwealth then a large stake, and a common property, in the good name of William Penn? Are we not entitled to raise our voices in defence of his reputa-

tion, no matter who may be the assailant? May we not, with justice, and in a spirit of defiance, say to the disturbers of his fame, we care not what foibles in him the eye of contemporary malice may have detected? We care not what defects of character, or acts of indiscretion, may have grown out of his unfortunate, but necessary intercourse with the society of a corrupt age, and a licentious court. We care not what garbage the modern snupes of history may have picked up in the purlieus of Kensington. Turn away from these unprofitable themes, and look at us, the peaceful, the moral, the industrious, the frugal, the prosperous, the contented, the liberty-loving, law-abiding, population of Pennsylvania! Behold here the genuine workings of his spirit, transplanted to a purer and more genial atmosphere! Behold, in this free and flourishing Commonwealth, the legitimate results of his enterprise, his foresight, and his virtues! Here is a well proportioned, massive fabric, reared on a foundation, laid by his own hands. Here is a monument to his name, which, we pray, may endure as long as history itself shall last!

Nothing is better known than the fact that the character of Penn, in his lifetime, was grossly traduced. It would have been wonderful, indeed, and quite contrary to the experience of mankind, if he had escaped the poisoned shafts of calumny. He belonged to a religious sect, who were regarded, according to the prevailing notions of the period, as so many demure hypocrites, and canting schismatics. He was a reformer. He enjoyed at the same time a sort of proconsular dignity from being the owner, the lawgiver and the ruler of a province large enough to form a European kingdom. He inherited an ample fortune; but in the prosecution of his philanthropic views, and through neglect of his own private affairs, he became, at one time at least, embarrassed. He was a man of distinguished family, of highly accomplished address, and of superior literary attainments. By a singular chain of circumstances, extending

through a series of years, PENN had at once the fortune and the misfortune, to enjoy the peculiar favor of his sovereign, James the Second. His father, Admiral Penn, was a catholic, and from his great services, a favorite with Charles the Second, and with James, while Duke of York. The favor enjoyed by an illustrious father descended to the son. This was the origin of WILLIAM PENN'S interest at court.

It was no wonder, then, that he was an object of contempt to some—of hatred and envy to others. These feelings partially restrained for a time, broke out into open malice and revenge when that infatuated ruler, (James the Second,) became odious to the nation, and, in the end, justly forfeited the crown. When that event took place, PENN stood aloof from the herd of apostates, who, from having been satellites about the court of king James, all at once became the fiercest to condemn him, and the loudest in their hosannas to his successful competitor. Like a true man, PENN continued to avow his attachment to his fallen friend, even at the risk of chains and confiscation.

While James the Second occupied the throne, PENN proclaimed on all proper occasions, his desire to retain the favor of his sovereign. He sought to do it, however without a sacrifice of principle, and was actuated by the most honorable and benevolent motives. His interests as the proprietor of a province, the frequent attempts to reduce the proprietary government to a regal one and other measures of interference with his rights, compelled him to suspend his favorite idea of a permanent residence in Pennsylvania, required almost his constant presence at court, and brought him into familiar intercourse with the king. But the great use he made of his position, was to shield his religious brethren, and other non-conformists, from persecution, and to advance his favorite principle of universal toleration—an object for which he had been struggling all his life—from the period, when, quite a youth, he had preferred the frowns of an angry parent, and the horrors of a dungeon, to the

blandishments of the world and to the crime of apostacy, up to the time when it became his lot to bask, like others, in the sunshine of royal favor. One of the first acts of James the Second, after his accession, and while WILLIAM PENN was supposed to wield a potent influence over his counsels, was to proclaim this very principle of religious liberty. If, in this, the king played a double part, and if his real purpose was, under the garb of this measure, to restore the ascendency of the Roman Catholic Religion, PENN should not be held responsible for the hypocrisy and secret designs of the king. Where a boon is proffered, it would be madness in the party to whom it is offered, to reject it, because he may not comprehend, or may suspect, the motives of the grantor, or because others may share the boon. PENN, and his religious brethren, naturally cherished a feeling of gratitude for what was, truly to them, an act of clemency. It was one that struck off their chains, gave them liberty of conscience, and promised them an equality of political rights with their countrymen. PENN acted in the matter with entire singleness of purpose. The more artful mind of the king, no doubt, found means to flatter PENN with the belief that his long cherished vision was about to be realized, and universal liberty of conscience at last secured. It may be that PENN did make some sacrifices in endeavoring to maintain a position at court, that would enable him to accomplish this great passion of his soul—this absorbing purpose of his life. But why should he be denounced, in the bitter language of the Author, as "a tool of the king and the Jesuits?"

There is no evidence that PENN ever used the advantages of his position for purposes of pecuniary gain to himself, or of official advancement. These were the prevailing vices of that licentious age, and perhaps of every age, in every country. He stood alone, and above all other crown favorites of his day, if he resisted, with success, these formidable temptations.

If, then, his conduct deviated, in some minor points, from what, in our day, and according to his own teachings, would be

considered the strict line of propriety, it must have been owing to that amiable weakness which consists in too great a deference to the wishes of powerful friends. This, no doubt, was his great foible. This it was that secured his co-operation in the king's attempt to force the obnoxious Bishop of Oxford on the fellows of Magdalen College. This it is that has furnished a pretext to the Author to talk about "bribes to vanity," and, under that guise, to convey a wicked insinuation. This it was that made him yield, if he did yield, to the entreaties of the ladies of the court, to serve them in their mercenary scheme of levying black-mail on the female population of Taunton, who had given their aid and all their sympathy to the rash and ill-starred Monmouth. But the part PENN took in this transaction was probably misrepresented. Even the Author admits that his hands were not soiled by the least share of the plunder, and thinks it not impossible that he may have undertaken this ungracious office, if he undertook it at all, from a conscientious belief that he was warding off some heavier blow from the population of a rebellious city. Or he may have been led into it, as he was into others, from clinging too closely and too ardently to his great purpose of seeing his country emancipated from the yoke of religious bigotry and intolerance. It was the same high purpose that brought on him nearly every misfortune, and yet became the crowning glory of his career. It was this that led him to sustain the king in the Declaration of Indulgence — a measure, which, to the ingenuous mind of PENN, seemed a potent lever in the work of religious and political regeneration. To the mind of the nation, however, it concealed, under a specious pretence, a flagrant breach of the Constitution, and a high-handed act of usurpation. This, and other kindred measures, formed the rock on which the fortunes of the king were wrecked. It is the fate of a king, when he falls under a load of popular displeasure, not only to be pursued with detraction himself, but to leave nothing but a legacy of odium, whether merited or un-

merited, to the friends who have adhered to his fortunes. This truth was never more fully demonstrated than in the life of William Penn. Here is the prolific source from which sprung nearly every adverse circumstance of his life, and most of the caulmnies that have been heaped on his name.

He labored under another disadvantage, that falls to the lot of but few men. He had erected for the government of his own conduct, and had recommended to the world, a standard of moral, social and religious excellence, too exalted for the depraved nature of mankind to follow. What in others, therefore, would have been regarded as a trifling indiscretion, was, in him, according to the unsparing judgment of his traducers, a high crime. Thus every mis-step in his career was blazoned forth in colors that would have suited the conspiracy of Cataline, or the apostacy of Judas.

Having access to the royal ear, he never ceased to plead the cause of the non-conformists, who were immured in the dungeons of the kingdom, and were suffering for conscience sake. It was mainly owing to his influence and exertions, that more than fourteen hundred of his persecuted brethren, and twice that number of the Roman Catholic persuasion, were released from prison. One would have supposed that, when it was in the power of the Author to dwell on a topic, so interesting, and so worthy of historical note, he might have omitted some other trifling incidents which he has taken the pains to relate. One was that, at times, Penn forgot in his deportment, his conversation and letters, the plain manners and style of address peculiar to his sect. The Author forgot that Penn had been educated in a different style, and how natural it was that one should break in upon the other. No man can entirely unlearn the manners or language of his boyhood. A liberal mind would be at a loss to discover any great degree of violence to a religious creed in an accidental or occasional act of deference to the tastes of polite society, in mere matters of form. Another circumstance, equally unim-

portant, was that PENN went to witness the execution of Cornish, and the burning of Elizabeth Gaunt, for participation in the Monmouth rebellion; from which we are expected to infer that he loved such exhibitions. We venture to say that the Author had no evidence that PENN ever witnessed another execution either before or afterward, and, therefore, the Author had no right to draw an inference which, if correct, would leave a stigma, slight it is true, but still a stigma on the character of PENN: because such sights are generally spectacles of horror to the refined and educated mind. Having himself suffered as a prisoner in the dungeons of New-Gate for opinion's sake, he may have been drawn to the spot by a powerful feeling of sympathy. He may have gone to have his horror of "man's inhumanity to man," renewed and confirmed, or to learn a striking lesson on the vanity of human affairs. A better temper on the part of the Author would have suggested the entire omission of a matter which, in itself, was utterly unworthy of notice. But it was coupled with another fact that reflected great honor on the character of PENN. Although a friend to the court, he boldly said he saw nothing in the conduct of Cornish at the gallows but that of an innocent man, who had been sacrificed for political ends under the forms of law. Nor is this the only occasion on which he, who is held up as a parasite, manfully resisted the wishes, and condemned the proceedings of the king. The Author's allusions to trifles like these, betray a disposition to make a fling at the character of PENN, whenever there is a reasonable pretext, and, in these instances, he has gone out of his way to find pretexts.

The Author is understood to have been a protegé, an intimate friend, and a close disciple, in letters at least, of Sydney Smith, who, it is well known, cherished a mortal antipathy to the Quakers, or, in his own parlance, the Drab-coats of Pennsylvania; because, for a short time, and from unforseen causes, she failed to pay the interest on the state debt, and unfortunately for her,

Sydney Smith was one of her bond-holders. It proved a serious injury to Pennsylvania to have thus given offence to a man, who exercised so potent a sway over the opinions of the world. Wielding a pen sharper than the edge of a Damascus blade, and dipping it in ink of gall, he embraced every occasion to hold her up before the gaze of the world as a spectacle of violated faith; and did more than all other men in Europe to fix a stain on her escutcheon. The stain, however, was soon wiped away by her restored credit.

Perhaps the Author may have imbibed the prejudices of his friend against everything that bore the name of Penn, or had any connection with the Quakers of Pennsylvania. It is wrong to impute motives, especially when they are not sustained by evidence, but rest almost solely on conjecture. But the Author must excuse his readers if they follow his example. He makes some sweeping charges that are not sustained by his specifications. There is nothing more easy than to make charges, to call names, and to impugn motives. It is an easy thing to say that a man's religion is all hypocrisy—that his outward professions are but a cloak to his vices—that every charitable deed is the offspring of corrupt motives—that every act of the politician or the statesman, whether good or bad, is born of bribery or ambition—that every man who has the ear of majesty, is a parasite—and that those, whose counsels direct the exercise of sovereign power, are but time-servers and sycophants. If the ashes of William Penn could speak, his voice would be heard ascending to heaven against the cruelty and injustice of this vulgar proclivity.

Strong in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and carrying the doctrine of non-resistence too far, perhaps, for his own good, while he was fully aware that the world teemed with false and wicked reports, intended to asperse and injure his character, he bore them all with christian meekness, and refused to adopt any measures of public defence, or vindication. He persisted in this

course. His friends, on one occasion, entreated him to come out and publicly refute certain calumnies, with which he had been assailed. He only yielded at last to their solicitations as a measure of justice towards some of his friends, who were implicated with him in the same slanderous reports. *Ex uno disce omnes.* A sample of the slanders from which he deigned to vindicate, and did vindicate himself triumphantly, in his life time, might have served to inspire the Author with some distrust as to other charges, which may never have reached the ear of PENN, or, if they did, may have come in such shapes, and from such sources, that they were not held entitled to a serious notice. At the time they were circulated, they may have been deemed harmless, under the full blaze of light to which they were exposed. Time, it seems, has given them poisonous qualities which they did not originally possess. *Rem acu tetigit.* The genius of the Author has given them point. Of the reports, to which, with great reluctance, and after much solicitation, he did consent to reply, we are not without specimens. Other charges, which have been polished and sharpened by the master hand of the Author, might, if the truth were known, be found as baseless and malignant.

He was charged, among other things, with gross hypocrisy—with being a papist in disguise, a priest, and a Jusuit bred at St. Omers—with officiating in the celebration of mass in the king's private chapel—and with participation in all the king's schemes for the subversion of the Anglician church. In our day, when the doctrine of universal toleration has become stripped of all its imaginary terrors, and stands out in all its genuine beauty, some of these accusations would be deemed perfectly harmless. But at the period when they were uttered, they were all of very serious import. The Author is wholly mistaken when he says these reports only gained credit with the unreflecting multitude. It may suit his purpose to say that of charges that were proved to be false. But they had made an impression on men of understanding and character, and filled the minds of his own friends

with suspicion. He was vilified by scurrilous publications in print. A refinement in cruelty was invented to wound his feelings, and defame his character. It consisted in the publication, over his own name, of pieces every line of which was a libel on his well-known sentiments. And yet the Author, in his notes, refers to the press of the day as the quiver from which, in part, he has drawn his poisoned arrows. What would be thought of a life of any one of the Presidents, prepared two hundred years hence, from materials furnished by the opposition press of his own day? What estimate would a foreigner put on our public men, who would form his opinion from what he reads in hostile newspapers, during a political canvass?

A distinguished friend, in urging PENN to make a public vindication, in reference to these particular reports, says; "You are not ignorant that the part you have been supposed to have had, of late years, in public affairs, though without either the title, or honor, or profit, of any public office, and that, especially, your avowed endeavors to introduce amongst us a general and inviolable liberty of conscience, in matters of mere religion, have occasioned the mistakes of some men, provoked the malice of others, and in the end have raised against you a multitude of enemies, who have unworthily defamed you with such imputations as, I am sure, you abhor."

In reply, PENN says, "It is now above twenty years, I thank God, that I have not been very solicitous what the world thought of me. For since I have had the knowledge of religion from a principle within myself, the first and main point with me has been to approve myself in the sight of God, through patience and well-doing: So that the world has not had weight enough with me, to suffer its good opinion to raise me, or its ill opinion to deject me. And if that had been the only motive or consideration, and not the desire of a good friend in the name of many others, I had been as silent to thy letter *as I am to the idle and malicious shams of the day.* But as the laws of friendship are

sacred with those that value that relation, so I confess this to be a principal one with me, not to deny a friend the satisfaction he desires, when it can be done without offence to a good conscience."

He then goes on and stamps with falsehood every charge to which his letter refers. Among other men, who had imbibed and given currency to suspicions injurious to his standing, was the celebrated Dr. Tillotson. But, having become convinced that the suspicions were utterly unfounded, he made a full reparation by a frank acknowledgment of his mistake. Such would have probably been the fate of other calumnies, had they been met in the same way. But, having passed unnoticed then, it is melancholy to think they should now pass for truth. *Credat Judæus.* The people of Pennsylvania will require an inspection of the proofs before they believe the charges. Nor will they tamely look on without raising a cry of help, or interposing to break the force of the blow, when sacrilegeous hands are raised to strike down the chiefest among the household Gods of the Commonwealth.

The spirit of persecution that followed PENN, did not stop with the fall of his royal patron. The malice of his enemies found means to excite a suspicion of disaffection, on his part, toward the new government of William and Mary. A criminal charge was fabricated, on which he was held to bail to answer. The witnesses employed to carry on this flagrant scheme of oppression, were notorious impostors—wretches, themselves charged with crime, and suborned by a promise of pardon. The promise was redeemed. The pardons were granted. But they were no sooner released, than some of them fled, and others refused to incur the guilt of perjury, and actually begged his pardon for the injury they had inflicted on his feelings and his fame. Here was a striking tribute from guilt to innocence. On the strength of information derived from these polluted sources, the charge had been suspended over him for two suc-

cessive terms. On the last day of the second term, nothing having appeared against him, he was cleared in open Court. In the following year he was again held to bail on a charge of holding a correspondence with the exiled king; and was again discharged. A third time he was accused, and his name was inserted in a proclamation along with other persons charged with adhering to the enemies of the kingdom; and nothing appearing against him, he was again released. A fourth accusation was preferred, founded on the oath of a wretch, who was afterward declared by Parliament to be a cheat and an impostor. This accusation was held over his head, and operated as a restraint on his liberty, for more than two years. On a representation by the Secretary of State, and other highly influential friends, of his case, to king William, as being hard and oppressive, there being no evidence to sustain the charges, and a blameless life of thirty years being, in itself, an ample refutation, he was again discharged, and the prosecution was abandoned.

Here, then, was slander after slander, even in an official form. As to the calumnies that fell upon him from irresponsible and individual sources, no man at this day, or at that day, could tell the number. There was at least enough to make the historian cautious how he gave credit to the idle gossip, or the malicious effusions of a period, when the character and conduct of Penn were only seen through a dense and distorting mist of prejudice, when all, who, like him, had enjoyed the peculiar favor of the dethroned monarch, were looked upon as fit marks for the vengeance of a triumphant party. And there may have been among the hungry and grasping spirits that besieged the new dynasty, those who looked with a longing and envious eye to his vast possessions across the Atlantic, and hoped to see his title extinguished by an act of confiscation. A project like this may have had something to do with subjecting him to the ordeal of four successive abortive criminal prosecutions. May not this have been one of the secret springs in the machinery of oppres-

sion? Why was every tongue employed to defame, and every arm uplifted to strike down, a mere non-resistant — a man, whom, in the language used by Lords Rochester, Ranelagh, and Sidney, in stating his case to the king, "they had known for thirty years, and had never known him to do an ill thing, but many good offices." These gentlemen were the enemies of king James and the friends of king William. Their testimony, therefore, is entitled to the highest degree of consideration.

Through all the changes and vicissitudes that marked his career in the great European world—amid all the temptations, the trials, and the perils that beset his path—PENN never ceased to cherish the most anxious solicitude for the welfare of his Province. He yearned toward it as the spot destined to be his home and his retreat for life. He considered his fortunes wrapped up in those of his colony. During the long period of his constrained absence in England, he continued to write to his people, addressing them letters full of sympathy, affection, and salutary advice. At times a restless spirit of opposition exhaled from the poisoned atmosphere of London, was displayed toward him by the colonists themselves: the "Children who had been planted by his care." He uniformly met their complaints, and even their reproaches, in a spirit of forbearance and concession; but, at the same time with the dignity of a man, who understood alike their own interests and his rights. When mutual dissensions prevailed among them to any unusual extent, his parental voice recalled them to a sense of those pure and simple christian virtues, on which the colony was founded—on which the character and prosperity of the commonwealth rest at this day. Long may it stand on that foundation, an example of good government—of liberty without licentiousness—of virtue and intelligence—of law and order—to other states and nations of the world.

The Author gives it as his opinion that WILLIAM PENN was not a man of strong sense. He may not have had an acute

mind. He may not have possessed that sort of mental caliber that displays itself in sarcasm or satire, in brilliant composition, in flashes of wit or in the workings of a powerful imagination. These are the exclusive attributes of genius. It too often happens that genius is more dazzling than useful. But if he had not genius, which bids for the admiration, and sneers at the follies and vices of mankind, he had a soul to feel for their wrongs, to weep over their depravity, and to reform abuses which time, bigotry and misgovernment had riveted on christianity and civilization. His spirit was humble; but his breast heaved with mighty emotions, that looked to the emancipation of his race from religious and political thraldom.

The keen eye of the historian may detect blemishes that mar the beauty of his life; but he cannot rob the world of the benefit of his labors in the cause of philanthropy. Nor can he blot out the many monuments, more durable than bronze or marble, by which his memory is consecrated, within the limits of our own great State. Here is the temple in which his spirit is enshrined. It glides along our streams. It is echoed in our mountains. It dwells in our peaceful valleys. It breathes in the humanity of our penal code. It lives in our system of free education. It was present in our legislative halls when human bondage was expelled from our borders. It rises toward heaven in our public charities, and our temples of religion. It comes in the voice of the evening breeze, speaking contentment and security to the husbandman in his happy home. It is mingled with the never-ending sound of the moving mass that throng the streets of our great and beautiful Metropolis. It is immortalized in the noble Commonwealth that bears his name. May it abide in the hearts of our people!

In his intercourse with the Indian Tribes he seemed to have a power, like that of music, "to soothe the savage breast." He exercised a more enduring, a more extended, and a more beneficial influence over the natives than any other man of European

race ever did, either before or after him. He maintained with them an unbroken peace as long as he lived. They looked up to him with a docile and filial regard. The fame of his goodness spread with the wanderings of the young hunter from tribe to tribe. The aged warrior taught it as a sacred lesson to his offspring. Tradition handed it down from generation to generation. And there is not an Indian tribe from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, that does not, to this day, pronounce his name with reverence. We cannot do less. We may do more, if we imitate his virtues.

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